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A VIEW FROM FRANCE: CLOSED-DOOR CATHOLICISM?

Edward J. Ahearn

FOUR-LETTER WORDS TO THE WISE

Robert E. Fitch

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

European Union

EAN MONNET, Robert Schuman and the other rchitects of the structure that has developed into he Common Market envisioned a continental union hat would put an end to Europe's bitter national ivalries and devastating wars. A "United States of Europe" was the object from the start. From the riginal coal-steel arrangement, economic coopera- ion has steadily grown until all six members of the European Economic Community have now reached greement on farm as well as industrial products. 'hese leaders saw that the self-defeating national ade barriers of the 1930's had to be supplanted by large and viable European free trade system. But ney also viewed economic union as an essential tage on the way to their goal of a genuine political nion.

At present there is a wide divergence of views n the feasibility of a European United States. Italy, 'ermany and the three Benelux countries favor ich a development. General de Gaulle has been olding out for an alliance of fully sovereign states, s he has to contend with the hyper-nationalism the O.A.S. and its followers. Accordingly he has anifested little enthusiasm for a course similar what Chancellor Adenauer envisages when he calls the progression from the North German Cus- ms Union to Bismarck's united Germany.

Outside the six members of the E.E.C. there is a rther diversity of opinion. The Kennedy Adminis- ation strongly favors the creation of a new politi- l entity by the Six in order to strengthen western urope—even as we discuss sweeping trade agree- ents with the Common Market. Britain is con- ntrating in its Brussels negotiations on joining the E.C. Opposition to this step is far from negligible cause of Labor's fears and Britain's trade com- itments in the Outer Seven and with the Com- onwealth and the United States. Even English- en who regard with equanimity an eventual Euro- pean union of which their country would be an integral part, fear that steps now by the Six toward such a union would seriously jeopardize home support for British accession to the Common Market.

BEYOND all these crosscurrents of opinion, that are hardly surprising among peoples of such varying temperaments, histories, situations and cultures, is the question of broadening the Common Market itself. This is a step which Washington opposes for the reason that mere economic unity among a much larger number of disparate nations would present an obstacle to any close political unification. It is undeniable that certain countries with active trade relations with the Six would be quite unable to take on the full obligations of membership. Austria, for example, has been definitively neutralized by treaty, as Switzerland has by tradition. If Sweden were to abandon its neutrality, Finland would be placed in an even more difficult position than it occupies now.

Another element in the question is the relationship of the Common Market to the underdeveloped countries. The E.E.C. has its own Development Fund of fairly moderate proportions; it has been utilized almost wholly for Africa so far. But the fear for the underdeveloped nations in all quarters of the globe is part of a general concern for all peoples who would find themselves outside the Common Market's exterior tariff wall. Such apprehensions leave out of account one key consideration.

Perhaps enthusiasts for the E.E.C. are over-sanguine as to the extent of its achievements. Even though in the five years ending in 1960 it registered an average annual gain in industrial production of 6.2 per cent, its per capita output is still only half of that of the United States. Yet by the process of coordination the E.E.C. countries have gradually eliminated those industrial operations which were least efficient. As a result Common Market industries have far less need of tariff protection than heretofore—the outside wall can be a low one. In-

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deed, the original formula called for free trade within the Market area and progressively much lower tariffs toward the world outside.

It seems possible, then, for the Common Market to develop organically toward political unity, adding member nations that take on full responsibility in such areas as foreign policy and national defense, without injury to economic "associates" or nonmembers. With ever-decreasing trade limitations on all others as an express E.E.C. goal, the world in general would have only to gain from the strengthening of the nascent European Union, politically as well as economically.

The transition to a new European political entity, comparable in size and strength to America and Soviet Russia, preferably would be gradual. But buttressed by new trade commitments with the United States and Britain, the E.E.C. could continue to move forward toward political unity, steadily through well-planned stages.

De Gaulle's Achievement

WHILE IT would be overly optimistic to think that the ratification of the Algerian truce agreement by the French people means an end to the O.A.S., it surely strengthens General de Gaulle's hand. It now seems perfectly clear that the French people have had more than enough of the Algerian turmoil. No doubt, as many have pointed out, the 90 per cent affirmative vote in favor of the accords reached with the rebels' provisional government was as much a general vote for peace as it was actual support of the provisions of the accord. Nonetheless, it indicates the people's temper.

What is, however, likely to be overlooked now that the vote is in, is that General de Gaulle has done very much to deserve the faith the French people placed in him at the formation of the Fifth Republic. Because de Gaulle has been something of a thorn in the side of the Western alliance, it has been very tempting to criticize and reproach him for stubbornness and delusions of French grandeur. And even his domestic supporters have attacked his economic policies. Amidst these criticisms, many of them just enough, the fact remains that his Algerian course has been nearly unerring in its broad outlines.

General de Gaulle, to give him his proper credit, turned what appeared to be an impossible task into a triumph of diplomacy. It is a triumph which could, conceivably, still turn sour. But almost everything seems against a sudden reversal. With his triumph almost behind him, de Gaulle is now likely to be subject to increasingly sharp attack on other issues. Whatever the outcome of these attacks, it would surely be unjust to slight his Algerian accomplishment.

Certain Kinds of Defense Efforts

SPACE is big business, as any stock broker is sure to tell his customers these days. In the next fiscal year, for instance, the U.S. Space program is expected to cost $16,200,000,000. But whatever the year's costs actually turn out to be, according to the findings of the Senate Investigations Subcommittee, they will almost undoubtedly be a good deal higher than they should be.

Moreover, "a good deal higher" in this case involves quite staggering sums—millions, and possibly billions. One reason for this, say Senator John L. McClellan and his fellow committee members, is the government system of awarding major contracts to a "single manager." That is, a single firm contracts for the entire job but may farm out part of the work to sub-contractors, who in turn farm out projects to sub-sub-contractors. The significant part of such an operation is that each company is paid on a costs plus fixed fee basis, which makes for a great many fees—or profits—on every contract. Even more striking is the revelation by the subcommittee of the space industry practice whereby the "single manager" firm adds an additional profit for itself onto the farmed-out costs-plus contracts.

An example of what the Senate investigators have called "profit pyramiding" is the managing of the Army's Nike guided missile. A committee staff report declares that the Douglas Aircraft Company took a profit of $45,580,000 on $598,960,000 of Nike contracts, even though it had actually farmed out eighty per cent of the work. On the basis of the work done by Douglas itself, according to the investigators, the profit came to 44.3 per cent. The "prime contractor" for the Nike, however, was the Western Electric Company, and committee records show that Western Electric collected profits of $169,500,000 on the total contract, including a $53,200,000 profit added onto another company's cost plus profit sub-contract.

Naturally, industry spokesmen dispute these conclusions. They talk of high costs of research, development, etc., which make the astronomical profit only apparent. The industries involved are having an opportunity to make their case, to which they are entitled, but already it seems clear that, quite apart from any question of "unreasonable" profits, our normal system of defense contracting leaves much to be desired.

In any case, we commend Senator McClellan

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who is surely far from a wild-eyed pursuer of the "vested interests," for uncovering a government-industry practice which must be disturbing to every citizen. Such a contract system has built-in opportunities for abuse; it tends to support the big business-military lobby which roused the concern even of President Eisenhower; it bears directly on the crucial question of national security; it inevitably invites waste; and, not least, it raises bitter feelings among those who are being asked to contribute to the national defense at considerable personal sacrifice—not on a cost-plus basis.

President Kennedy recently reminded us that life is unfair. He is right, of course, but we don't see why the lectures on sacrifice must always be read to the man in overalls or the man with the rifle on his shoulder. It is important to realize that some unfairness is unnecessary, and some unfairness is so gross that it cries out for redress.

Biblical Drum Beaters?

AMERICAN CATHOLIC theology, many have felt, has long been dull and pedestrian, neither blessed with the originality of European theology nor livened by the fiery disputes among theologians that regularly flare up across the ocean. Of late, however, there have been many signs that American theology is coming of age. Not only can we point to a few internationally important theologians, we even have, at the moment, a full-fledged theological debate in progress. Like most such debates, this one is not altogether visible to the naked eye; one hears gunfire in the distance, sees red flashes and catches whiffs of acrid fumes drifting over from the scene of combat.

The debate in question turns, most prominently, on recent developments and movements in the field of Biblical studies. On the one hand, there are those who, following Pope Pius XII's famous encyclical on Biblical criticism, *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, have enthusiastically embraced the method of literary form analysis, stressing the importance of understanding the mentality and modes of expression of the writers of Sacred Scripture. On the other, there are those who feel that matters have gotten out of hand, that some Biblical scholars tend to undermine the historical accuracy of the Gospel, shake the faith of the ordinary man and engage in uncharitable name-calling against conservative theologians.

For their part, the Biblical scholars have often felt themselves hindered and attacked, not by the Holy Office in Rome but by dogmatic theologians unsympathetic to and suspicious of their work. To this charge, the theologians in question have replied that they are not engaged in "witch-hunting" but just feel it their duty to call attention to any error and misdirection which creeps into Biblical studies. (And they do have a special aptitude for this zealous work.) To support their anxieties, they refer to the recent *Monitum* issued by the Sacred Congregation on Biblical scholarship warning of dangers, Archbishop Vagnozzi's Marquette address (among other things), and the sharp words of Cardinals Ruffini and Ottaviani against an erring spirit among some Biblical scholars.

At the center of the storm is the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. As reported in an earlier editorial [Oct. 13, 1961], the *A.E.R.* was the object of a formal censure by the Catholic Biblical Association in its meeting last Fall. The censure criticized the *A.E.R.* for bringing into question the ability and integrity of the Biblical scholars. Since that time, the *A.E.R.* has conducted a spirited, if indirect, defense of itself: it has made the very most of the *Monitum* as vindicating its doubts. Most recently, the *A.E.R.* devoted almost its entire March issue to the dispute, bringing to bear all of its heavy artillery.

Like most such disputes, it is by no means easy to sort out the issues. What appears evident from the March *A.E.R.* is that for the anxious theologians, the Biblical debate merely dramatizes a whole host of other worries on their part. In particular, the editor, Monsignor Joseph Clifford Fenton, obliquely weds the erring Scripture scholars to those who do not share one reading of the dogma that outside of the Church there is no salvation and those who do not believe that the Church has the duty to seek for itself a favored place in civil society. But the Scripture scholars are the worst villains, for they, he asserts, have a number of "publicity workers or drum beaters" who have tried to create the impression that Biblical scholars are "bedeviled by criticisms and delation." Not so, Monsignor Fenton tells us; on the contrary, it is the "publicity workers" who are "themselves conducting their own campaign of intrigue, delation, and calumny . . ."

Needless to say, we are baffled and startled by all this. The very notion that the Biblical scholars clan could be delating people to Rome for condemnation strikes us as something faintly amusing. But you can never tell, we suppose. Again we found ourselves rubbing our eyes when we read the conservatives' denial that their camp is condemning or delating anyone. That is indeed good news and we know that the Biblical scholars must feel better now. But who do you suppose *has* been doing all these things?

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Nightmare on Madison Avenue

WELL, GENERAL baby, that's the way it goes. You can't win 'em all. . . . No, sir, you're right. I didn't mean that. What I meant was that we all make mistakes. . . . Right again, General, I didn't mean that either. *Some* of us, I meant, *some* of us make mistakes.

But while we're on that subject, General boy, I do think that maybe you overdid a few things just a wee bit. No, the State Department was okay, and the intellectuals—that's okay. But the President . . . you're fighting some awfully high ratings there, boy, sir. And Ike himself . . . well, no use crying over spilled. . . .

No of course I didn't mean anything by that. But now that you mention it, I think we'll really have to do something about the chin—novocain, maybe—and the eyes filling up. Of course, General sweetheart, I understand perfectly. Yes, I know what a big thing Paar made that way. It's just that it doesn't go with your image. Slugging the reporter, now, maybe that was going a little far too, but that kind of thing is exactly right in terms of the old image.

No, I don't think the book bit went over too well. . . . Of course, General, it's ridiculous to think you have nothing better to do than read a bunch of crummy books, but you really should check with us first. We've got our own man here does nothing but read jackets and reviews, really up on that stuff. . . . Sure he's all right. . . . No, no, Yale, not Harvard. . . .

What I really called about, though, General sweetie, is this report I have that you kicked an old lady. . . . Well, I'm glad. Young, and with a bouffant hair-do? And one of those leopard-skin coats? . . I guess you're right. Just as long as she wasn't old What with Mother's Day coming and all, we'd be dead. I mean kicking an old lady is like spitting on the flag. . . .

How did I know what, fella, sir? That you . . you actually. . . .

Sure, General, sure. Just give me a minute to dry my eyes. I'll just take a few of my pills and you tell me all about it.

Four-Letter Words to the Wise

Berkeley, Calif.

"SING ME A song of social significance": so went the refrain of a popular tune about thirty years ago. What with a great depression, with millions unemployed, with fraud and failure besetting the financial centers of the nation, there was no question about the intent of the song. Social significance meant social justice. But today, with a new kind of social and spiritual turmoil, and with the artist replacing the prophet as the spokesman of reform, the familiar phrase has a new and unfamiliar meaning. The socially significant is now the obscene.

It was just as the old year turned to the new that a jury in Marin County, California, brought in its judgment on the merits of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. The trial had all the elements of opéra bouffe. The district attorney, out to condemn the book, did not fail to make dramatic appeals to God, to mother, and to the flag. The plaintiff, the bookseller, appeared to be a gentle creature whose principal reading was in religious metaphysics, and who scarcely comprehended the obscenities he peddled over his counter. The witnesses for the prosecution, lay and clergy, were staunch upholders of uplift in literature. The witnesses for the defense—distinguished intellectuals, such as Mark Schorer, Eugene Burdick, and at least one Presbyterian theologian—were champions of art and of social significance. The jury could not believe that the book seller really knew what he was doing, and so ruled in favor of his innocence. But all members of the jury were unanimous in the opinion that the book was obscene.

Where was the fraud in this affair? Or where was the confusion of the issues? Actually two falsehoods confronted each other across the bar of justice. It was partly in anticipation of this dialogue between two lies that I personally refused to be a participant in the charade. On the one hand the uplifters insisted that the sale and circulation of the book would somehow degrade public morals. On the other hand, the egghead and liberals proclaimed that this book, *The Tropic of Cancer*, was an assertion of the sanctity of the individual, was a legitimate protest against the mechanized uniformity of our society, and was a genuine work of literary art.

One might speculate as to which half of the fraud was the more reprehensible. The uplifters could hardly be expected to know better. But the members of the intelligentsia could be expected to know better. And they could be expected to be more honest about the whole affair. In any case, the depressing part of the spectacle was not the stand taken by the district attorney and his allies but the performance of the élite guard for literature and for religion.

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The question of the freedom of the press is not an issue here. Let us assume that this matter was settled in principle in the long discussion that runs from Milton to Mill. And over and over again it has had its pragmatic justification in our culture. Indeed, we may believe that, if it had not been for a stupid police action in San Francisco that brought about persecution of Ginsberg's *Howl*, that poem and that poet would never have achieved national reputation, and the entire pseudo-bohemian movement of the beatniks would never have had the public attention it enjoyed hereafter. Similarly it is obvious that the prosecution of Miller's book served only to promote its sale among innumerable people who ordinarily have no time for that sort of writing.

If the trial in Marin County had been conducted strictly on the principle of the freedom of the press, it might have had some dignity. As it was, it turned out to be a competition between the fetishes and the clichés of two social classes. It is with the clichés of the intelligentsia that I am here concerned. And I take some courage from a review of the *Tropic of Cancer* by Stanley Kauffmann in the *New Republic* last summer, in that critic remarks that "the smuggest bourgeois has no smugness like that of the self-consciously liberated bohemian."

First of all, what is all this about the sanctity of the individual? When is the individual sacred, and what makes him sacred? Does his alleged sanctity justify him in any act whatsoever that he may choose to perpetrate against art, or morals, or politics, or piety? Is man sacred in his reason, or in his feelings, or in his power and prestige? Sacred as a child of God? Sacred as a sinner, even in his sin? It is unnecessary here to try to answer these questions. For the moment suffice it to say that this sanctity of the individual is being immeasurably degraded in our day by cheap and indiscriminate appeal to it.

In the second place, what is a socially significant act of revolt? Surely a revolt that commands respect has to be in appeal to some principle, or to some larger piety in the name of which we cast down the idols before us. But a revolt which is simply the splenetic tantrum of a pampered and undisciplined child, or the thumbing of the nose and the spitting out of four-letter words by a talented rhapsodist in obscene gestures and utterances—surely this is not a revolt that requires our admiration.

In an ecstatic moment, toward the end of *Tropic of Cancer*, Henry Miller speaks of the new and "inhuman" race of the rebel-artist that is to liberate us: "A man who belongs to this race must stand up on the high place with gibberish in his mouth and rip out his entrails." Everything else in the paragraph, with its violence and its frenzy, suggests the priests of Baal on Carmel, cutting and rending themselves. But there is a difference between an Elijah who hazards his life daily in faithfulness to a nonconformity of conscience that challenges a corrupt social order, and the celebrants of a savage and obscene ritual, moved by contempt for both God and man.

In the third place, what is literature? Shall we say that anything that manages to get itself into print may be dignified by that title? Or are there standards of some sort, however diverse and flexible they may be? Stanley Kauffmann calls *Tropic* an intense journal "full of emotion recollected in proximity." This is just a bit different from Wordsworth's definition of poetry. Karl Shapiro, in the paean which introduces the paper-back edition, admits that he has never read the book consecutively. Is it, then, just a disconnected collection of big moments? Tennessee Williams loves to tell about depravity and decadence, but he is always the disciplined craftsman of the theater. Where is the craftsmanship in this piece of writing, which, properly speaking, has neither beginning nor end, has no other pattern than a series of smears?

SWIFT AND Voltaire and Rabelais understood the uses of obscenity in satire and in social protest, and so, curiously enough, the obscenity in their writings often comes out clean. But in Miller there is a deliberate reveling in the unclean, and the obscenity is a mystical end in itself. Or is the book really something more tawdry than that: a talented bad boy's binge in the obscene, which he has not the courage to enact for its own sake, and which, therefore, with a residue of inverted respectability he must justify as of social significance? Actually, no matter how you look at it, it develops as plain pornography.

Toward the end of the trial, the city of San Francisco, which always has a fine feeling for the values in this sort of affair, put on, in its North Beach sector, a little show which offered an epitome of the meanings of the larger drama in neighboring Marin County. It seems that there were two artists, both over six feet and of proportionate weight, and both full of the spirit of *love*, who were arrested for being drunk. In prison they smashed the cell's toilet facilities and pried a couple of bars apart, and so were detained further on the charge of "injuring a jail cell."

Previously the police had been concerned about one of these fellows when they found the sidewalk outside his studio painted a bright blue, and the front of his house decorated with such words as "Disarm" and "*Love*" and a four-letter word not commonly displayed in public even in that area. Questioned on the matter, the painter had remarked, "I'm an artist and an artist has to give vent to his emotions." He did consent to delete one letter from the four-letter word, but produced a copy of the Constitution in defense of his rights. When, later on, he and his friends were detained

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in jail on the other charges, his wife could only remark, "There is so much hate in the world." The trial in Marin County lacked some of the vivid color of the North Beach affair, but the rationalizations were the same in either situation.

Let us face it: social significance in our time has a different drive and end from what it had in the roistering days of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. Karl Shapiro tells us that Henry Miller is a "spiritual example" who stands among the great men of our age. Apparently there are other critics who, while they will not call Miller great, are most resourceful in expounding his spiritual meanings.

Karl Shapiro also recommends that we hail Henry Miller as a robust primitive and call him The Patagonian. One recollects that on the voyage of the *Beagle* Charles Darwin found the lowest order of humanity in Patagonia. Indeed, so scandalized was he by the physical and moral obscenities of these savages that thereafter he had no difficulty in believing that a baboon, with some instinct of altruism, might be a nobler ancestor for man than some of these beings who were supposed to be human. But today we have left far behind the quaint Victorian prejudices of Darwin. The Patagonian is our Savior. Henry Miller is the new Messiah of Social Significance.

ROBERT E. FITCH

(Robert E. Fitch is Dean of the Pacific School of Religion.)

Edward J. Ahearn

Closed-Door Catholicism?

To be a Christian means to live in a world larger than that of mere self-interest

FROM FRANCE the role of American Catholicism in our ravaged world looks rather different. One sees old questionings, worries, hopes, in a new light; and the new perspective gives rise to definite conclusions where before only vague emotions existed.

News from the United States has a vital impact for an American in Aix-en-Provence, and it is not surprising that my ruminations began, not long ago, with an issue of an American diocesan newspaper. In it a priest considered a prominent professor's charge that Christianity has had almost no part in the great moral and social advances of our age. The professor argued that slavery, war, barbarous treatment of heretics, etc., existed side by side with Christian institutions during the very centuries when the Church exercised a hegemony over men's thoughts. The implication is that now that the Church no longer exercises such influence, it is even farther removed from crucial issues.

Although the priest's answer quite properly stressed the Pope's recent encyclical as a call to arms for increased Catholic participation in the problems of our world, the professor's remarks stirred something that has been bothering me for a long time. As a Catholic I could hardly think of the Church as an outdated institution exerting no influence in our human world. Yet it is undoubtedly true that some of the greatest social advances of our time have been the result not of Christianity but of secular liberal thought. This fact is often clouded by the Catholic excuse that the modern world is too evil a place for the Church to dirty its hands in. This sort of moral inertia was typified a few years ago in the debate about the value of current Catholic university and seminary training. To the question, "Where are our Catholic Einsteins, Oppenheimers and Salks?" a prominent Catholic newspaper actually replied: "Where are our Catholic atheists?"

This refusal to become engaged in important human problems was brought home to me again by the recent controversy over President Kennedy's school-aid bill. Although it was evident that the Catholic community was exerting a strong influence in this important debate, I wondered whether that influence was ultimately for the good, and whether, in addition, the intensity of Catholic pressure at that time does not point up a contrasting apathy in most other important issues.

Personally, I agree with the Catholic position that religious freedom should preclude discrimination in federal aid. As most Catholics, I am annoyed that opposition to private school aid was to some extent motivated by anti-Catholic prejudice. But I think it unfor

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tunate that the Catholic contribution to the debate was to make the prejudice issue so central as to obscure a more important consideration: the attempt to remedy a critical social evil, inadequate education in many areas of our nation, and at a time when our national strength is crucial. The following remarks are based on my heightened awareness, here in a country where every decision reached in America is weighed as an index of our growing or waning power, that our internal political life has the most far-reaching international ramifications.

CATHOLICS, WHO were not alone in defeating the aid-bill, opposed it for various reasons: fear of federal control, inefficiency, etc. But behind the vehemence of the Catholic reaction one detected the stronger and more obvious motive of self-interest. The real cause of the exceptionally strong Catholic participation in this national debate, it seems to me, was the realization by Catholics everywhere that this affects *me* directly, my pocket-book, my child's education. Catholics could thus be classed among the rest of the country's interest groups, which react to proposed legislation only in terms of their limited, if legitimate, interests. And this is unfortunate, especially since the choice offered to Catholics was the difficult one of protecting their own interests *or* of meeting a vastly more important national need. Those who gave us that choice are in the wrong, perhaps, but Catholics have no cause for pride that they took the less generous alternative.

Some will object: "What's wrong with supporting your own rights?" Long ago Christ answered: "Even the pagans do that." To be a Christian means precisely to differ from others by living in a world larger than that of mere self-interest, and consequently to be more willing to sacrifice those limited interests for larger ones. In short, one might have expected some of the expansiveness and generosity of the Christian life to be manifested by Catholic political activity; but the school-aid debate proved the contrary. In a critical moral and social issue, organized Catholicism acted in a negative manner and from self-centered motives.

But the school-aid controversy raises even more serious questions about Catholicism's influence in our world today. It is a recognized fact that injustice to Negroes is our country's greatest moral cancer, a hideous disease that makes one shudder and doubt the basic goodness of America—as Father Hesburgh suggested in a recent highly publicized remark. Yet it is also clear that there has been no substantial national campaign by Catholicism against racism. Yes, there are Catholic interracial councils which do fine work. But why has there never been a national Catholic campaign against racism of the dimensions of the recent protest against the aid-bill? Why has the Catholic press not repeated again and again, with the force and persistency that it evidenced in the aid-controversy, the evil of racism? Why has there not been as much public activity by the hierarchy on this issue as there was during the debate on federal aid to private schools?

WHY, FOR example, do Catholics in the South hesitate to inaugurate a really strong campaign against the travesty of justice which is almost every day perpetrated there? And in the North, why, in a predominantly Catholic city in which I have lived, where the Negro population lives in a veritable ghetto; where a brilliant Negro student cannot find a decent apartment; where *Catholics* asked to rent to such Negroes have actually answered: "What will the neighbors think?"; where predominantly white Catholic parishes five blocks away from the center of Negro misery carry on their round of novenas and other nearly meaningless activity without dreaming to help their black brothers—why in the North too is Catholicism so callous to human misery, so complacently sure of its sanctity, so far removed from what is most urgent in our world today?

If my words about meaningless devotions are harsh, the reason is that I (and many colleagues and friends) have lived in parishes where the routine of novena, retreat, day of recollection, Knights of Columbus meeting, went its way as the center of parochial life—in isolation from the critical moral problems which exist, in some cases, only a few blocks away. If an actual Catholic landlord, a real person, could tell me that he could not rent to a Negro because the neighbors would think badly of him, and then participate piously in the novena for the day, I have the right to conclude that there is something fundamentally meaningless about the parochial life in which he participates.

For this lack of sympathy for the Negro reflects a larger apathy. In two years in this parish, I heard not a single word from a Catholic source about the evil of race-prejudice. Inasmuch as such prejudice is an obvious phenomenon in the city, should there not have been some Catholic group, somewhere, in the parishes or hierarchy, waging vehement public battle against this evil? By now, *someone* should have had the idea of a campaign of sermons, editorials, door-to-door appeals by parish groups such as Holy Name societies, by which to explain clearly to the thousands of Catholic landlords and employers their duty not to discriminate against Negroes. If students of a nearby secular university can devote time and effort to aid Negro children, might not the hundreds of Catholic teenagers annually taught to play third-base for the CYO team also be encouraged to aid Negro children in this way? When the diocese collects offerings for the training of priests, could it not also request money for expert social workers, men competent to cooperate with the clergy in directing the dormant energies of

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the parish toward the task of aiding Negroes? I am confident that a great number of Catholic professional men—social workers, teachers, lawyers, doctors—would willingly participate. To date, nothing like this has been attempted.

A striking contrast is offered here at Aix-en-Provence, where Christmas Midnight Mass was preceded by a sort of dialogue which explored the true meaning of Christmas. On the altar three laymen and a priest read passages from the Bible, Charles Péguy, the latest papal encyclical. Suddenly they began debating about an Algerian refugee who had been discriminated against in Aix; an Italian peasant who had, in contrast, been helped by his French neighbors; thirty men without work because of a local economic crisis; a group of Congolese students alone in the city at Christmas—unreceived into the homes of French Catholics; the coming cooperation, in February, between French Catholicism and the United Nations in a gigantic campaign against hunger in the underdeveloped nations. One wondered what this had to do with Christmas, until suddenly it struck home that the question was: what does Christmas have to do with all this? Do I *realize* in my life what Christmas is, if I am not personally involved in these critical issues of actual life?

This dialogue made the liturgy of Midnight Mass a more meaningful force in real life. It was a revelation of what parish life should be: a center from which Christ's exhortation to love all men radiates in concrete acts of love for neighbor on a local and even international scale. (In passing, one might note that this dynamic application of ritual to real life was the work of several laymen. I have already suggested that similar ability to help revivify parish life presently exists in America. It could be actualized if the clergy would show itself more willing to cooperate, and—just as important—if qualified laymen would be willing to devote time and energy to the task of reeducating the parish to its mission in the modern world.)

It is in contrast to such an example of the Christian life in the country of Péguy that my objections to typical parish life in America should be seen. I invite the reader to consider if there is not a fundamental lack of dynamism in American parochial life with regard to some of our most important moral questions. I invite him to consider if this inertia is not reflected in the apathetic public attitude of American Catholicism to these same issues, a failing emphasized by the contrasting energy displayed by press and hierarchy during the school aid-controversy. Singularly active at that time in protecting its own rights, Catholicism has yet failed to play a leading role in the campaign against the vastly more extensive and vicious racial prejudice, a moral issue so close to Christ's message about the dignity of each man. Progress in that battle has been accomplished by the Negroes themselves, aided often by exponents of secular liberal principles—people who even without religion see the inherent evil of prejudice. Should not we Catholics be ashamed that it is the "secular world," often dismissed along with the flesh and the devil as "occasions of sin," which is doing *our* work, which is fighting for human dignity?

ANOTHER GREAT battle for human dignity is being waged today by organizations like the United Nations, in their attempt to bring material and spiritual happiness to peoples of underdeveloped nations. I have always felt the necessity of large amounts of American economic aid to these countries, but my experience in France this year has convinced me that this problem is the one most important moral issue of our era; and that, consequently, the lack of a Catholic contribution to the debate over our aid policy is especially disheartening.

At the University of Aix-Marseille are thirty Congolese students, sent here by the U.N. with the mission of preparing themselves to be the leaders of their new nation. Their dedication to their people is such that they have left their families for an uninterrupted four-year stay in France. One of them left a wife and five children, and has had no word of them for more than a month. Yet love of his nation moves him to remain in France.

The Congolese whom I know well feel that President Kennedy's support of the U.N. operation in the Congo has saved their nation. The President's support of the U.N. as a valuable international instrument in the Congo and elsewhere is under attack in America for a variety of reasons: some based on more or less tactical considerations (in the Congo, for example); others, unfortunately, based on the desire to be free of the expenses incurred in support of the U.N. and a general feeling that if the U.N. is no longer to be the clear instrument of our own nationalistic goals, we should abandon it. If people would only recognize—as I have because of my talks with students from underdeveloped lands—that the U.N. is one of the greatest forces for practical moral and social good in the world, their attitude to that organization might change significantly. At the same time, the continuance of the Congolese people among the ranks of nations who live with human dignity is dependent upon massive United

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States aid in the future. Without such help, my friends feel that the Congo will fall under Communist influence—merely to avoid a worse fate: extinction as a truly human community.

My friendship with these Congolese is a personal and therefore limited experience. It brings with it no certainty that all Congolese are as sympathetic to the U.N. and to America as my friends, nor that the U.N. attempt to unify their country will ultimately succeed (although the latest events make that prospect more likely). But there is a valid way in which a personal intuition transforms one's outlook. The statistics about Africa's needs and her dependence upon us become vivid realities after one has talked to some of the persons represented by those statistics; after the abstract doctrine of foreign aid has been translated into the aspirations and hopes of real men. I think it is precisely the lack of that sort of personal realization of how much other men need our aid that is behind the reluctance of many Americans to give their tax-money for this purpose.

The same sort of limited experience seems to me to be the cause of fears that we will be weakened economically by our foreign aid. That sort of reasoning seems hollow to me after my experiences here. One realizes that the average American is so well-off in comparison to the rest of mankind that there is no danger of our suffering greatly from our foreign aid. Do Americans realize that German students must live on one-fourth the allowance of their American counterparts, in a country where the cost of living is one-half that in America? Would they not be moved by seeing that the average person in Aix-en-Provence lives in physical surroundings very similar to a slum in New York? Do Americans realize that horse meat is a common meal in France? And if horse meat is a common meal in this prosperous European city, what must life be like in the poverty-stricken underdeveloped nations?

Even more enlightening on this point is my friendship with the Congolese here. One owns one pair of shoes, open sandals which he must wear even in the coldest weather. He owns six books. When he saw my seventy books (a fraction of the library of the average American graduate student), he was amazed. Yet he is one of the favored few who receive the university education which is largely lacking in the Congo. To that end, he has left his family in the dangerous province of Katanga. Since his arrival in France he has had no word of them, but he will remain here despite the loss of contact with them, because with a university education he will be able to aid his struggling nation. Opponents of foreign aid who could see his agony over the difficult position of his country might be moved to change their opinions. I heard him, on Christmas Eve, while people in France—and in America—rejoiced, speak of his family and of his people, his face alternately animated by black despair and hope—hope in America.

Essentially, my realization about American wealth and African need is this: in the U.N. and in American foreign aid programs, we possess an opportunity unparalleled in the history of man: the opportunity to work a revolution in the lives of millions, giving them new hope and new dignity as men. We are actually able to accomplish the task of Christian charity—in its largest and most unselfish sense—on a world-wide scale. Certainly our foreign-aid is motivated by our desire to defend ourselves and to gain allies. But such programs are also the product of American idealism; and in this context our foreign aid is essentially an instrument for the betterment of mankind. Again, it is obvious that such sweeping programs of aid to the needy are the work of the secular world, and not of the Church.

It seems to me, however, that the Church's lack of participation in such issues has lasted long enough. I am tired of Catholics who see no connection between their faith and the obligations of the American people to other, less fortunate, nations. I suggest that the issue of foreign aid is not simply one more controversial political subject, which may be decided upon in isolation from the considerations of religion. On the contrary, it is a fundamental *moral* problem; and the silence of Catholicism concerning foreign aid is therefore hardly in keeping with Christ's exhortation to love all men. Why has there never been Catholic support of foreign aid—which is a concrete means of living the Christian life on the global scale required in the modern world—comparable to the self-centered fuss made by Catholics during the school-aid controversy? And as the battle for foreign aid recurs year after year, will Catholics throw their support behind such aid as the realization of a fundamental Christian duty in the world as we know it?

SUSTAINED and substantial criticism of the Church in America is not easily accepted by most American Catholics. But if I am critical, it is because my experiences here in France have given me renewed hope both in America and in American Catholicism. We are in a position to do so much good! We have so much, and we have already begun to realize the obligations which our favored position lays upon us. But we have yet to sense those responsibilities in their most compelling guise—as the forms of the Christian life in a global world, where man must learn to be charitable not only to the Negro next door, but to a neighbor he will never see and never hear of, thousands of miles away. In such a world, American Catholicism will be worthy of its name when it stops worrying about its own small hurts and begins devoting itself, in its public posture as well as in its daily parochial life, to the major moral problems of our age.

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Nuclear War and Christian Responsibility

Los Alamos, N.M.

TO THE EDITORS: Father Merton's "Nuclear War and Christian Responsibility" [Feb. 9] leaves me with one inescapable impression: here is a human being who is frightened to death that nuclear energy is going to cause the end of the world; who, therefore, goes around screaming at the top of his lungs "Stop the War, for God's sake stop the war," but who fails to offer one positive, reasonable suggestion during the course of this highly cathartic process (this is not to argue against a very definite need for intelligent fear which is quite different from fright). Unfortunately, emotion is a luxury which we cannot afford during war or war-like situations, as those of us who spent the days of World War II in occupied Europe know so well.

Does Father Merton really believe, at least this is the impression he gives me, that he is a lone voice in the desert and that most of the present-day scientists and politicians have no sense of responsibility, moral or otherwise? I work for a laboratory which developed and built the first atomic bomb and practically all of the weapons now in this country's nuclear arsenal. The people who live in this town, which was built for the laboratory, have one of the highest educational levels of any community in the country, are not irresponsible madmen, have done a lot of clear, unemotional thinking about this issue and are a far cry from the proverbial wide-eyed scientist.

To be more specific, Father Merton suggests, by way of a palliative, that we slow down weapon production. What, on earth, does the good Father think we have been doing for the past few years? When we said "moratorium," we meant it; when we spent years in Geneva "negotiating," we were serious, although conceivably too charitable, considering that the Russians felt free to violate the ban in the interim.

"Massive and indiscriminate destruction of targets" is not something new or inherent in atomic war; World War II was full of it; whole towns were burned to the ground and thousands upon thousands of harmless citizens executed by way of "retaliation."

Where is the proof that we have yielded to "theoretically irresponsible determinism"? What basis does Father Merton have for contending that our foreign policy depends on "wielding the threat of nuclear destruction"? We fought the Korean War without nuclear weapons; we are fighting in Laos and Vietnam, and it is no atomic war; we have been harassed and abused in Berlin, but the use of nuclear force has not come up for serious consideration. We have seen the Marshall Plan do wonders and the massive Alliance for Progress has got started. Clearly, foreign policy is based on nuclear threats?

The hypothesis, in the last section of the article, that we lay down our weapons to starve to death or be shot rather than to cooperate in the war effort is allegedly folly because men are morally too indifferent and irresponsible. It is really folly, thank God, because most men's sense of responsibility and morality is greater than that. And this brings me to a final comment, by way of summary.

The Almighty not only gave us life, but also a holy obligation to preserve it to the best of our ability. To close our eyes, fall on our knees, and wish that this thing, called nuclear energy, would go away; to stop testing in the hope that the Russians will be good boys and do the same, after they just exploded the biggest, dirtiest, most monstrous bomb ever built by mankind; to assume that Khrushchev is really just a good-hearted, jolly Santa Claus who was only trying to be funny when he vowed to bury us, knowing how many countries he has already buried and how many millions upon millions of souls he has already enslaved. All this amounts not only to dangerous wishful thinking but constitutes the height of determinism, naiveté, irresponsibility and immorality, since the very people who now advocate this exact course of action will be the first ones to contend, and in a loud voice, when that approach has led to disastrous consequences.

My suggestions are these: continue our aid to underprivileged countries, continue and step up research on peaceful uses of atomic energy, continue negotiations, short of jeopardizing our safety, continue the present policy of building up conventional forces and weapons; and, last but not least, keep testing to insure an effective deterrent, remembering all the time that nuclear energy is morally neutral.

JOSEPH G. HULL

The Author Replies

Trappist, Ky.

TO THE EDITORS: I admit that, living in a monastery as I have done for many years now, I am not in

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an ideal position to obtain up-to-the-minute information about world events. But when your correspondent asserts that in the Berlin crisis "the use of nuclear force has not come up for consideration," I find his statement barely credible. Is he serious? What are fallout shelters supposed to be for? In my utter innocence, I have been supposing all this time that the shelters actually had something to do with the by-products of a thermonuclear explosion.

A moratorium on weapons? What is the budget expenditure for weapons and related items this year? Are we spending more or less on armaments?

I do not accept the argument that "massive and indiscriminate destruction of targets is nothing new," and the implication that since it was done in the last war a precedent has been established and we can now do anything we like. Pope Pius XII declared at the very beginning of World War II that such methods "cry out to heaven for vengeance." According to him, even with conventional weapons, these destructive acts were criminal. What can they be considered with fifty-megaton bombs?

I do not claim to be a "lone voice" in this matter of irresponsibility. The Joint Letter of the U.S. Bishops in 1960 deplored the growing moral irresponsibility of our people, and it has never been more evident than now. I would like to ask whether the ever-increasing and ever more decisive role of the computer in reaching crucial judgments in the question of war is not a threat to human and moral responsibility. It certainly places an enormous burden upon the expert who uses these instruments and thus guides the judgments of strategy planners. I am glad to hear that Los Alamos is full of conscientious men who are doing a lot of "clear unemotional thinking" because they are going to have to do a great deal more of it in the future.

The rest of us are not going to be in a position to make a positive contribution one way or the other. And that is why I brought up that unpleasant hypothesis. We may be rendered physically helpless by the consequences of judgments made in high places over which we have no control. But that does not mean we can or should give up our moral freedom and our responsibility. President Eisenhower said that if governments do not soon make peace they will "have to get out of the way and let the people make it." I am not so sure that there is any likelihood of this happening, but the individual retains the right and the duty to refuse participation in collective crime. Of course it must be evident that what he refuses to participate in is immoral. The hypothesis I stated clearly supposed a situation that was beyond control, that was criminal and suicidal.

What basis do I have for contending that our foreign policy relies largely on deterrence? What is the ultimate function in our dealing with Russia if not the threat of nuclear destruction? What is Mr. Herman Kahn writing about all the time? What was the basis of the foreign policy of the late Mr. Dulles if not "brinkmanship" and the threat of "massive retaliation"? What is our strategy shaping up to now if not to preemption? I do not say it has got that far, but can anyone assert that the idea of the preemptive first strike is not taken seriously in America today? Can anyone deny that such a strike might easily lead to a war of massively destructive proportions?

In an article on nuclear war an author is hardly expected to talk about the Marshall Plan and the Peace Corps. My thesis was not political but ethical. I wanted to make clear a point which cannot seriously be controverted, at least by a Christian: that *uncontrolled destruction* of entire populations and regions with nuclear weapons whose lethal effect may extend to neutrals and even affect future generations is morally inadmissible. Whatever may be said about the feasibility of limited nuclear war, Pope John XXIII clearly told us in his Christmas message that heads of nations must do all in their power to avoid acts that might lead to disastrous consequences. What are the chances of our wars indefinitely staying "limited"?

MEDITATIONS on a dangerous book, the Bible, have convinced me that when the human race gets itself into a major crisis, it shows a strong tendency to abdicate moral responsibility and to commit sin on an enormous scale. That is the kind of situation we face now. Unless we realize the moral and spiritual roots of the problem, our best efforts to solve it in a positive and human way are bound to be meaningless. In my article I showed a mistrust of man's capacity to control nuclear power once it was unleashed in war. Your correspondent infers, quite gratuitously, that I am against nuclear energy *as such*. Where does he get that idea? Is he by any chance thinking emotionally?

To leave the plane of ethics and to draw a political conclusion: certainly I am in favor of every sane policy that can promote peace while preserving the spiritual, cultural and social heritage of Christian civilization. I do not defend the thesis of peace at any price. But I do not believe that any policy in which individual nations can, on their own judgment, resort to nuclear force on a massive scale, is to be considered either reasonable or efficacious. I see no good results whatever coming from any such policy.

I believe we are going to have to prepare ourselves for the difficult, patient task of outgrowing rigid and intransigent nationalism, and work slowly toward a world federation of peaceful nations. How will this be possible? Don't ask me, I don't know. But unless we develop a moral, spiritual and political wisdom that is in proportion to our technological skill, our very skill may destroy us.

THOMAS MERTON

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THE SCREEN

And Doubting Thomas Too

IT'S A PLEASURE for a movie reviewer to have a week like this in which there's a whole batch of films that *don't* concentrate on sex. The best of the lot is a British export likely to win audiences of all ages. "Whistle Down the Wind" (Pathe-America) is one of those rare items showing that a religious movie can have charm and simplicity and still avoid the pitfalls of sentimentality.

Three children on a lonely farm in Lancashire think the bearded young stranger in their father's barn is Christ returned to earth. "Fancy His coming to *our* barn," they say as they treat him with reverence and awe. Keeping their secret from their elders, they bring him bread and wine; and the stranger, a murderer hiding from the police, respects their faith and is moved by it—so much so that when the authorities corner him, he doesn't shoot his way out lest the children be hurt physically or spiritually. Under Bryan Forbes's excellent direction, this touching allegory is told through a happy mixture of realism and war humor. Credibility is heightened by the first-rate photography of the bleak country and by the underplaying of the good cast, including amazing Hayley Mills as the eldest and most believing of the three children, Alan Barnes as her pragmatic little brother, Bernard Lee as their busy father, and Alan Bates as the man in the barn.

At times the symbols from the Passion Story are a little too obvious. And one may wonder when the delicate tale is finished how the children will react when they learn the truth. In any case, this off-beat picture is handled with such sincerity and good taste that it will delight many a viewer regardless of his creed or degree of sophistication.

ALTHOUGH too long, "Experiment in Terror" (Columbia) is a well-made crime-and-detection thriller. Treating his audience to some stunning views of San Francisco, producer-director Blake Edwards carefully plants real clues and false leads until the viewer gets so caught up in the suspense that he finds himself working with F.B.I.-man Glenn Ford to free Lee Remick from the crook who is terrorizing her and her sister (Stefanie Powers). But this criminal (Ross Martin) is so clever at disguises and so ruthless in maneuvering people that he seems to be getting away with his diabolic scheme to force Miss Remick into stealing a hundred thousand dollars from the bank where she's a teller. Slowly and deliberately the chase takes us to Chinatown, Fisherman's Wharf and other fascinating locales and winds up at Candlestick Park during a Giants-Dodgers game. The finale in the grandstand and on the diamond is as exciting as any game baseball fans ever saw there.

PART OF Walt Disney's latest comedy-fantasy also takes place in San Francisco. Actually, "Moon Pilot" (Buena Vista) is more concerned with the bungling of earthlings than with the fancy flying of astronauts. Occasionally reminiscent of the English satire "Man in the Moon," which was funnier, "Moon Pilot" spends most of its footage kidding the young captain (Tom Tryon), who gets air-sick and volunteers unvoluntarily for the first flight to the moon, the confident general in charge of the project (Brian Keith), the angry and bustling security agent (Edmond O'Brien) who isn't let in on the secret, and various big and little shots who stick their noses into the hoped-for space victory. Some of the burlesque is quite amusing, and some of the plot so-so. Groundlings who get a good laugh out of "Moon Pilot" won't particularly mind if honest John Glenn says it was nothing like this.

OLDSTERS will no doubt get pleasant twinges of nostalgia as they watch "Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy" (Continental); and youngsters will have the exhilarating thrill of discovering a new comedian Harold Lloyd himself has put together this 94-minute potpourri of sequences from eight of his comedies made during the silent twenties and the talkative thirties. The film has music and sound effects—and a narration that is really unnecessary because Lloyd knew how to let the actors and camera tell the story. The sight-gags in many of these episodes are still hilarious but I wonder if they wouldn't be even funnier if left in their original context instead of strung together in such rapid succession that they tend to become too much-of-a-good-thing.

Harold Lloyd's average man battling the world and his innocent boobie in horn-rimmed glasses vying with sophisticates do better with a whole story than just a series of gags. Perhaps the famous master-comedian is releasing this anthology as a test—to see if 1962 audiences warm up to his kind of satire and character comedy. I hope they do; it would be good to have some of the old Lloyd comedies released again in their entirety.

TEENAGERS, unfamiliar with the great comedians like Lloyd, Chaplin and Keaton, have had to settle for such newcomers as Jim Hutton and Paula Prentiss both of whom proved how funny they can be when teamed up in earlier pictures. Perhaps the charm is broken or perhaps I've had enough of Hutton and Prentiss as a team; anyway, I found their latest effort rather tiresome and unfunny.

In the "Horizontal Lieutenant" (MGM), the script is so thin and the humor so forced that Jim and Paul

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have little opportunity to display their talents. Furthermore, this service comedy, about an accident-prone lieutenant (Hutton) and the nurse he's in love with (Prentiss) while on a military mop-up operation in a South Pacific island, also squanders the talents of Jim Backus and Charles McGraw, as officers with almost nothing to do, and a new newcomer, Jack Carter, who will have to wait till his next picture to show what he has. It is likely that I got off on the wrong foot at one of the early scenes in the cliché-crowded movie when nurse Paula refuses a date with ailing Jim and he angrily eats the thermometer she's stuck in his mouth. I found myself spitting out glass for the rest of the film and resenting every moment of it. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

Next Week, East Pinsk

THREE SWALLOWS do not make a samovar, but the off-Broadway scene has more of a Russian flavor than usual these days. It isn't news when someone takes another fling at "The Seagull," nor does the simultaneous presence of a trio of dramatized short stories of the master quite constitute a trend. But Ostrovsky's "The Storm" at the same time? It's a good thing the DAR doesn't hold its spring get-togethers in New York.

Still, some sort of investigation seems in order. Let us begin with the fellow-travellers: Joseph Buloff is clearly a subversive type. Why otherwise, when a half-dozen of Chekhov's amiable one-acters are available in splendid translations (by Eric Bentley and Theodore Hoffman) did he think it desirable to go to the great man's short fiction for his scripts? It's true that Anton Pavlovich did that himself once or twice. But dear Mr. Buloff, there's a difference. He came back with plays, not dramatized anecdotes. And he and Stanislavsky and Nemirovich Danchenko would never have allowed even these ephemera to be played in so broad and schmaltzy a Yiddish Art Theatre style as you affect.

I will say in your favor, though, that the third piece, the one about the henpecked husband in the music shop, does mount up to something: not of course to Chekhov the dramatist, but at least to a *divertissement* of a modest and non-traitorous kind. (*At the Gramercy Arts.*)

"THE SEAGULL"? Well, it is tedious to have to say once again that Americans, with all the good will in the free world, can't seem to get Chekhov right. Though I am not unhappy on this occasion. I have what is undoubtedly a subversive attitude of my own, which is that I would rather see mediocre productions of Chekhov (and Ibsen, Shaw, Pirandello and even Shakespeare, for that matter) than not to see them at all or than to see the glittering new dramas of our *kitsch*-bound popular theater. Which is not to say that actively bad or perverted versions of the masters do not make me miserable.

The difference is that at those times when a company is struggling honestly with the text and has brought to it a degree of skill, humility and non-slavish respect, we are at least afforded an encounter with the mind of the creator, with his intention and with fragments of his vision. And we can often fill in the rest. The point is that great plays are literature, or have become it (which is a proof of their greatness), although most theater professionals and some critics keep on insisting that a play has no life except a physical one: they would be on safer ground if they confined their argument to the question of degrees of life and understood that only inferior plays cannot exist at all between covers since, being nothing but notations for action, they have to get their life entirely from players and managers.

Unconscionably sketchy as this doubtless is, I offer it in explanation of my being able to sit through the Association of Producing Artists' production of "The Seagull" in a fair state of contentment. For there were enough deficiencies to satisfy the most relentless purist. The APA company is a better than average troupe, with some talented people who are learning to play together. But as so frequently happens with plays of this stature, their "Seagull" was a dissonant affair that rocked internally from the meeting of diverse dictions and acting styles and kept slipping from one atmosphere to another, from decadent Southern to decadent British to decadent St. Tropez.

Clayton Corzatte played Trepleff with an interesting angularity, his clipped, measured-out speech maintaining a line of expression above the actual lines, but he grew monotonous and artificial. As Nina, Rosemary Harris was a bit too English, too much the sprite released in the drawing-room, and as Arkadina Nancy Marchand was more Miami Beach modern than St. Petersburg imperial, although in her climactic scenes with her son she did manage to rise into true feeling and a coherence with the play. For the rest, Paul Sparer's Trigorin drew too heavily upon Barrymore-like leers and eyebrow-raisings, Jerry Jedd's Masha was hoarsely neurotic rather than dessicated and painful, David Hooks' Dorn introduced a Midwesterner-educated-at-Harvard note, and only Page Johnson as Medvedenko and Earl Montgomery as Sorin struck me as fully up to their roles.

Nevertheless, despite this *mélange* and despite the up-dating which resulted in pedal-pushers for Miss Marchand and sneakers for Mr. Sparer, and a loss of the denseness of Chekhovian time and place, the evening, as I've said, was endurable. We were given an

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MARIA ANGELICA

(Excerpt from a missionary's letter)

"Maria Angelica is twelve. For a long time her mother knew the little girl had leprosy but she tried to keep it hidden, in horror of the day her daughter would be sent to the public leprosy camp.

"Last September neighbors insisted Maria be sent away. But because the leprosy camp is dreaded by all, Father X arranged to have the child enter the poor little leprosy colony we conduct here for Bishop Y.

"Maria screamed with terror when she first met the other victims of leprosy here. Actually they've been kindness itself to her. They remember what it was like for themselves in the beginning, before they found out that leprosy is curable . . ."

CMMB helps missionaries care for thousands of children like Maria Angelica, suffering from leprosy and many other diseases.

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2:30 P.M. Fr. Ernan McMullen
Miss Elizabeth Sewell
7:00 P.M. Msgr. John J. Dougherty
Mr. Paul Horgan

Tuesday, 10:30 A.M. Karl Stern, M.D.
Dr. Francis X. Connolly
2:30 P.M. Msgr. John Oesterreicher
Dr. Barry Ulanov

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adequate rendering of those incredibly swift transitions by which Chekhov constructs his dialectic of human fate, and enough legibility of speech and gesture to see how the full vision was intended to take shape. Most of all, if we bent to it and had the score in memory, we could hear the music, the first movement of that great symphony, fashioned from silence and indirection as much as from straightforward sounds, in which Chekhov blocked out in advance almost everything we continue to want to listen to. *(At the Folksbeine Playhouse.)*

I DID not have the same sympathy with the new Repertory Theatre's production of "The Storm." Let us congratulate the company for even thinking of putting it on. But they are not nearly as talented a group as the APA, and their director, John Hancock, had very much less understanding of what lay in his hands than the APA's Ellis Rabb had of what was in his. You may bill Ostrovsky's play as a "romantic drama of forbidden love" in order to pull in the peasants, but you had better not play it that way. For as D. S. Mirsky, that wobbly historian of Russian literature, half rightly said "The Storm" is a "great poem of love and death, of freedom and slavery," and it has to be presented with both its poetry and its ideas uppermost.

Ostrovsky, the creator of a truly national Russian theater and the most performed playwright in the USSR today, wrote his masterpiece in 1859, so that it falls almost exactly between two other monuments of Russian drama, Gogol's "The Inspector General" and Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness." In its grotesque elements and savage fantasy it derives from the former and in its realistic aspects, its particularized arraignment of greed and materiality, it anticipates the latter. What it doesn't do is rest upon its ostensible story, the ill-fated love affair to which Mr. Hancock has subordinated everything else.

He does this in the first place by cutting in the wrong spots, in the speeches of Kulygin, the voice of reason coming at the play's center from one side, and in those of Feklusha, the mad emanation from folk religion and superstition, coming at it from the other. Secondly, he has Kabanova and Dikoi, the twin embodiments of heavy, mindless avarice, the deadly anchors in materia tyrannization and social changelessness, play their roles like querulous fussbudgets instead of Karamazov-like monsters, surrealistic and unappeasable nightmares. And finally he doesn't allow the love affair itself to play its intended role as part of a revelation of fatality, the perennial tragedy of body versus spirit in which the spirit's efforts at transcendence or escape are hopeless as long as it does not recognize that it must somehow learn to inhabit the same house.

For Ostrovsky was really an anti-romantic; his lovers are ineffectual and offer no antidote to their poisonous surroundings. In an Ibsen-like movement his play trac

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the disastrous consequences of our not facing the truth about ourselves. The "Storm" will break and destroy us not because we have dared to defy convention but because our romantic defiance is itself a convention.

A magnificent idea, tremendously moving when well and faithfully executed. Perhaps we should ask the NKVD to investigate why it wasn't. (*At the Masque.*)

RICHARD GILMAN

Resurrection: An Easter Sequence

BROTHER FIDELIAN, F.S.C.

The Girl of His Own City

Perhaps it was the dancing
At the threshing floor,
The panting, the suddenness of night.
But then my name began to lose its sense,
Unraveled into dreams and songs,
A gazing of old lions
And the dragon by the shore,
A swallow giddy on the restless lake,
And then a nameless falling utterly
Beyond your love, your loud recalling,
Except I caught a whisper
And from our door
A lamentation of the harshest flutes.

The Man of Naim

She recognized the sly marauder,
The mute pillager from the East,
Prowling at the gate
To cramp the breath again
And slit the thinnest heartstring.
She did not weep.
But now her noon is hollow,
Psalm and wisdom gall the tongue,
And in her plundered household
No task is left to fill her hand.
She weeps;
She knows her beggary
Needs more than friend or stranger's passion.
It needs the pity of omnipotence.

First-Born of the Dead

It was dawn certainly
Before we realized
He was not with us
And would not be,
Hardly imagining the consequences
Or having time to recoil
From their certainty.
The fog in silver tatters
Hung from the hill
Where we descended
Wondering where the enemy might be.
We who would not count the cost
Of towers had now to choose
Which slow climactic way
Would lead to ambush or apocalypse
When we had given up
Our waiting.

Tabitha

Comes news from Saron
Of numb Aeneas jolted into leap and prance,
Comes word like royal drum
To hush the futile witnesses—
Our ruined widows and sulking slaves
Who clutch the weft of her hard love,
Certain of the saints
Propounding doom and second coming,
These ancient kin
Busy with their arguments of praise—
While calmly in the upper room
Sweet withered Dorcas
Stiffly primly waits
The fisherman's reprieve.

Eutychus

Waking I heard the final wind
Edge across the wall
Heard it body out my cloak
And swing it slowly on the creaking hook.
There was a throbbing at the chest.
By noon I pitched atop the straining sails
Above the shattered mirrors, the raucous
Sea at Troy; in hot and dazzling clamors
I forgot. But with the flood of night
I heard the rustle of the morning
Round the spinning lamps
Round the pleading presbyter.
I felt it at my side and fell
Into the tumult.

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Camus: Contradiction Accepted

Albert Camus 1913-1960. A biographical study. By Philip Thody. Macmillan. $4.50.

by Wallace Fowlie

THE EARLIER version of this book, published in 1957, the year Camus was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, was warmly received and appreciated in this country as a judicious assessment of the writer's achievement. Camus' tragic death on January 5, 1960, in an automobile accident, ended his career at the age of forty-six; in 1959, he had said that it was just beginning.

The new work of Mr. Thody makes no pretentions to being a complete biographical study. It is still primarily a critical explanation and judgment of all the published works of Camus: the novels, essays, plays, articles and prefaces. The biographical facts which are available have been used in tracing the evolution of Camus' thought and influence. But as yet the unpublished writings and the documents which would be indispensable for a full biography have not been made available to scholars. Before his death Camus gave his friend professor Germaine Brée access to his notebooks, and her book, published in 1959, gives most of the biographical information which is known and which Mr. Thody acknowledges.

The author, who is lecturer in French Literature at the Queen's University of Belfast, has enriched his study by an analysis of all Camus' writing, by allusions to and estimates of the many political and philosophical controversies in Camus' career, by a quiet but persistent determination to extol the literary art of Camus and place him among the major writers of contemporary France. Mr. Thody's knowledge of modern French history and French political ideology is solid and trustworthy, and the background of the books and the controversies which followed them are admirably analyzed and clarified, an obvious sympathy for Camus in his two roles of literary artist and thinker never being marred by an unwillingness to reveal all the sides of an issue. The book, in short, is one of the most intelligent essays on Camus' moral integrity as a thinker and on the characteristics of his art. The appearance of the book coincides perhaps with the moment when the work of Camus has reached its highest fame, its fullest acceptance. Yet there are signs already—it is the fate of every writer—of a new kind of evaluation of Camus, of a diminishing of his importance as thinker and writer. The theory of the absurd, expounded in *L'Etranger* (1942) and *Le Myth de Sisyphe* (1943), rests on an awareness of man's mortality, an awareness of the universe as not explicable in human terms. This theory was not invented by Camus. It was already present in an early book of André Malraux, *Les Conquérants*, of 1928, and in the first novel of Jean-Paul Sartre, *La Nausée*, of 1938. Before Camus' earliest important publications, Malraux and Sartre had

Recent and Notable

The Emperor and the Pope. By E. E. Y. Hales. Doubleday. $3.50. Within the space of a comparatively few years, E. E. Y. Hales has established himself as a particularly readable Church historian. In this book he sets out simply to tell a story. It is a good significant story: that of Napoleon and Pope Pius VII. If the French Revolution may be said to mark the beginning of the modern world, the conflict between the Pope and Napoleon merits our attention as one of the great Church-State struggles which came out of it.

The Illustrated World of the Bible Library. McGraw-Hill. Five Volumes, $20.00 each. A mammoth project, on the whole extremely well done, by scholars of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. The aim is to relate the Scriptures to the physical evidence available—archeological, philological, geographic—and the pictorial material runs to thousands of maps, photographs and reproductions of art works, most of them vivid and handsome. The first four volumes cover the Old Testament, while the fifth, produced in consultation with Protestant and Catholic scholars, deals with the New.

Courage to Change. By June Bingham. Scribners. $7.50. Mrs. Bingham's book, subtitled "An Introduction to the Life and Thought of Reinhold Niebuhr," is a fine, human study of that important and influential man. While some may find the book just a trifle too personal in spots, the author has done a remarkably good job of making clear just how relevant and concrete Dr. Niebuhr's thought has been.

Philosophical Readings in Cardinal Newman. Edited by James Collins. Regnery. $7.50. One of the most neglected of Catholic philosophers has been Cardinal Newman. For one thing, he has always seemed far from the beaten tract of what most people take to be Catholic philosophy. For another, his philosophical writings are scattered throughout his works, many of them now out of print. Professor Collins has put together a valuable collection of these writings. What they show is that Newman is more relevant than ever, particularly in an age which is progressively being dominated by phenomenology and linguistic and conceptual analysis.

On the Use of Philosophy. By Jacques Maritain. Princeton. $2.75. Jacques Maritain's most moving and impressive writings often seem to come when he writes about philosophy rather than when he philosophizes directly. He is one of those rare thinkers who can make philosophy extremely exciting and extremely central to human existence. This short book is an instance of M. Maritain at his very best.

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stressed the value of consciousness and declared that human destiny with all its contradictions must be accepted. During the past ten years the attention paid to Camus has tended to obscure the position of Malraux and Sartre. But history may well revindicate the former's high place as writer and the latter's as thinker.

L'Homme Révolté (The Rebel) of 1951 has been more highly acclaimed abroad than in France, where it quickly became a controversial book. The major points of the essay are far from original: the corruption of bourgeois society, the absence of any transcendent morality, the weakness of revolt when it renounces the idea of moderation. Mr. Thody lists some of the thinkers whose ideas and conclusions are in *L'Homme Révolté*: Raymond Aron, Roger Caillois, Jules Monnerot. Camus has recast, more successfully in *La Peste,* however, than in *L'Homme Révolté,* the major preoccupation of a large number of European thinkers. These men accept the premise that there is no God and that there are no ultimate values, and they then pose the question of whether there is an ethical code to justify political action.

Rightfully Mr. Thody stresses the importance of *La Peste* (1947) as an allegory rooted in North Africa, and more courageously and in greater detail than most critics, analyzes the role of North Africa in the life of Camus as well as in his books. That Camus was born a French Algerian may well explain the silences and contradictions which troubled the last two years of his life. The presence of his mother, his brother and friends in Algeria made it difficult for Camus to give open support either to the Arabs or to the Europeans in the Algerian crisis.

More difficult to explain than his withdrawal from certain political controversies, is the acceptance of Camus as a political-philosophical thinker by Christian readers. He seems to have estranged very few despite his rejection of Christianity, despite the import of what he said about it. This mystery which is not of a literary nature, is one whose solution we must still await.

Sins of the Father

Tree of Dark Reflection. By Rocco Fumento. Knopf. $5.95.

by Oona Sullivan

JANSENISM, with all its distortions of the spirit, isn't usually associated with Italians. According to the myth, Italians are fun-loving and earthy, disposed to take the good things of the flesh with uncomplicated directness. The Italian attitude toward pleasure is generally considered to be "healthy," if uncorseted. Here, however, is a long, turgid novel about an Italian-American family so tightly constrained by the stays of guilt and obsession with sin that the lives of its members are permanently warped.

Fumento starts his story at its end with the death of Domenico Faustino, the father, and then flashes back twenty years to the family's early days in the Italian section of a Massachusetts mill town. Daniele Faustino, Domenico's only son, is the narrator. Ostensibly his reason for digging up the past is to try to understand why he hates his father. The reader will have no trouble with that: Domenico was an arrogant brute given to drunkenness when he wasn't working, to violent, almost maniacal outbursts of anger, and to beating his wife, Filomena. (No American boy worth a nickel likes to see his mother slapped around.)

To torment his wife further, Domenico blasphemed, mocked the Church, the sacraments, the clergy, and Filomena, being lugubriously pious, reacted with predictable horror. The father also tyrannized over his daughters, pressuring one into a loveless marriage and driving another from home to a "bad end" in New York. Regular injections of humor might have kept the old curmudgeon in line, but no one seems to have thought of that except, occasionally, the third daughter who seems the only one with any spirit, and more important, wit.

Danny, a sensitive boy (he grows up to be a writer, which will give you an idea), struggles through a boyhood and adolescence marked by these domestic tensions. He senses though that there is some dark, secret guilt eating away at his parents. The reason for their guilt comes out later, but the reader will suspect it pretty early in the story. In the meantime Danny starts having guilt feelings himself when he discovers that he has, like his father, strong tendencies to sins of the flesh. They begin when he is nine, becoming quite frequent once he is in the army, but they are described with a curious lack of passion and life, by which Fumento may mean to point up the deadness of lust. There is one brief experience with a Jewish girl, a friend from childhood, which is more personal but even this is used as a copybook example of how the pleasures of the body turn to ashes when there is no love involved.

There is also a lot of talk about Danny's killing God so he can enjoy himself better, but this conversation is so stilted it is hard to take seriously. While stationed in Italy Danny visits his mother's brother, a priest, and finally discovers his father's secret: he was once a seminarian but abandoned the monastery to marry Filomena; later he felt guilty about rejecting his "call." For all the fuss made of this simple incident one feels that the father should at least have been a defrocked priest.

Still, it is precisely in the absurd cause of the father's guilt that Fumento makes his most interesting point, namely, the terrible distortions to which religion is subject through the ignorance of believers. Intelligence and the pride that clings to it can of course corrode a man's faith (plenty of "Catholic" novels dwell on that profound thought), but ignorance has at least as many dangers. They are often obscured by a "simple" piety which masks the violence superstition does to the truth.

The simple Faustino family had been snared by the vicious dichotomy of Manicheanism with its god of good and god of evil. They called the bad god Satan, thus appearing to be orthodox, but in attributing to the devil the power that belongs to God they made him a co-ruler of the world. This enormity, fed by guilt over something that was not wrong in the first place, grew like a cancer until it virtually destroyed them.

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Their religion became a mockery when the adoration and love due God became deflected into a preoccupation with the devil and with sin.

All of this is told with deadly seriousness and in a ponderous style. Fumento's manipulation of language is so fumbling that he seems to have devised his sentences while wearing mental mittens. And if there is little grace in his prose, there is no sense of play in his story. The grimness and intensity are unrelieved, extending to the author's pompous views of modern literature and pretentious college intellectuals, the whole thing so thickly padded, too, that the central idea is nearly smothered to death. If anybody is waiting for the great Italian-American novel to appear he would be advised to possess his soul in patience.

From Duty to Right

Conscience and Its Right to Freedom. By Eric D'Arcy. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

by Michael Novak

ERIC D'ARCY, a young Australian philosopher-priest, has prepared a sound philosophical argument for the right of conscience to religious freedom; his work serves as philosophical underpinning to the religious freedoms, positive and negative, granted adults by such constitutions as those of the United States, Australia, and Eire. Since Father D'Arcy has worked out his argument in the long Catholic philosophical tradition (and is an advance upon that tradition), and brings to bear upon it useful insights from Hume, Hart, Nowell-Smith, Anscombe and other classical and contemporary English thinkers, this little study is especially valuable. It is a small model of what contemporary Catholic philosophy can achieve in mediating the two cultures.

By limiting himself to one single strand in a complex of problems—to the rights of religious conscience—and by moving in clear, swift strides, Father D'Arcy has written a much shorter and more readable book than one might have expected. For he has "done his homework"—if one may use a presidential phrase to suggest the timeliness of Catholic contributions in this area. Father D'Arcy does not write as a master of the complete field, but as one who has researched thoroughly a single problem, and followed out its tiresome, far-ranging complexity in order to be able to treat it with strength. If the reader finds the book difficult, he will also be grateful for D'Arcy's skill in making the way as clear as it is.

Father D'Arcy first undertakes a study of the historical development of the chief terms in his argument. He begins with the pagan view of conscience, studies St. Paul's innovation, and follows the efforts of the Fathers to understand what St. Paul presented, drawing largely upon Dom Odin Lottin's *Psychologie et morale aux 12e et 13e siècles*, a research landmark without which English moral studies are much impoverished, and "natural law" and "primary precepts" can hardly be understood.

In Part II, Father D'Arcy follows the developing insights of Aquinas from work to work. Aquinas gave the solid first premise in Father D'Arcy's new argument: man has an inviolable duty, which no higher good whatever can override, to follow conscience whenever it enjoins or forbids. As the manualist Genicot reports the position even today: "Provided it be certain, an erroneous conscience shows a man what is God's will for him, in exactly the same way as does a correct one."

But in Part III, Father D'Arcy spares no words in showing how Aquinas did not appreciate the full force of his own principles. He understands the medieval level of social development, and notes the change today in words like "heretic" — in Aquinas' meaning, the word does not apply to contemporary Protestants. But D'Arcy does not convey the sense of what was preoccupying Aquinas at each stage of his work, what he was reading, what insights he had already attained at each stage; and thus his account does not make Aquinas come to life.

Nevertheless, the facts are plain: the principles of the authority of conscience established in the *Prima Secundae* are not carried out in the *Secunda Secundae*, nor is their contradiction noticed. Aquinas can write at one time: "Belief in Christ is, of itself, something good and necessary for salvation. But if one's reason presented it as something evil, one's will would be wrong in accepting it." Later, Aquinas does not advert to conscience in dealing with a related problem, and he writes: "There are unbelievers who at one time accepted the Faith and professed it; they must be compelled, even by physical force, to carry out what they promised."

Finally, in part IV, Father D'Arcy attempts to create the premise that will make the entire argument go. Helped by a sophisticated analysis of "right," both in Latin and in English, he argues from the *duty* to follow conscience in the face of any other good whatever, to the *right* to do so. Not even "salvation" can justify the violation of a man's right in natural justice to follow his own conscience. Father D'Arcy notes that Aquinas upheld this very point in discussing the baptism of children against their parents' wishes.

It ought, finally, to be noted that D'Arcy is not arguing, as many do, from the fact that faith can only be a free act; his is a philosophical argument, from the nature of con-

Andalusian Proverb

rooster
rooster
rooster

rooster
with your
head cut
off:

what
are you
thinking
now,

you rooster,
what are you
thinking now
of the bloody
morning?

ROBERT LAX

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science. It is not exactly a new argument, but it is, at last, a well-worked-out one; and it has been done in the English-speaking world, which has perhaps the greatest need of it to express its own tacit tradition. It has been done in the Catholic tradition, non-relativist and yet familiar with many cultural relativities, and so its achievement may be useful to those many contemporary moralists interested in experimenting with an absolutist construction of ethical terms.

How Long the Mourners' Bench?

The Blood of the Lamb. By Peter De Vries. Little, Brown. $4.

by William James Smith

MR. DE VRIES throughout his career has displayed evidences of a religious preoccupation. In a comic writer this is not apt to be much of an asset. Yet astonishingly enough he has managed to combine these divergent impulses with great success on occasion, as in his anecdotes about his Calvinist Dutch Reformed Church background and his childhood in Chicago. These are basically stories of Doubt but they are not at all irreverent even when they descend to slapstick. They are tales of loss of faith and consequent bereavement, though they are not projected on that level. *The Mackerel Plaza* too, probably De Vries' finest book, is, along with its hilarity and its hysterical punning, or beneath them, a story of religious searching in the face of the demands of the flesh and the intellect. The book ends with a pun. The Doubting Minister is confronted by Feminine Intuition:

"'You go around Robin Hood's barn with your intellectual arguments, generation after generation, you men,' she said, pouring us coffee, 'and there isn't a religion anywhere in the world that can't be summed up in a phrase my mother was always fond of.'

"'Let's have it,' I said, bracing myself as ever. 'What did your mother used to say?'

"'"To be as humane as is humanly possible." That was the way she often put it. How we should try to be with one another.'

"Was that it? Was all the back-breaking, skull-cracking thought of the ages to be summed up in that absurd piece of unconscious irony? Was that the fruit of human wisdom? Maybe so, I thought rather sadly."

But then there is divine precedence for the pun under more solemn circumstances and some saints at least have had a sense of humor. Nonchalance, De Vries says, is called for in the unlikeliest places and frivolity can be a sacred trust. Certainly this possibility is explored to the limit in *The Blood of the Lamb*. The greater part of the novel is devoted to an agonized account of the cruel death of a beloved child and whether it is possible under these circumstances to smile, even intermittently or with a rictus of hysteria, remains, I am afraid, moot.

The book, in effect, is an impossible one to review. It is certainly not an unquestioned success and yet

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any criticisms take on the air of niggling irrelevancies — something like a *Daily News* photographer suggesting a more suitable pose for the bereaved widow. The grief of Mr. De Vries' hero is agonizingly real, as real as life, I suppose, rather too much like life to be art, and the touches of "art" are shockingly discordant. And yet, of course, it is a novel and must be judged as such.

Mr. De Vries' grief-stricken, God-tormented hero is, after all, the Juggler of Notre Dame, who, though he failed as a scribe and had no voice for singing yet could worship in his way. He finds no consolation: "How I hate this world. I would like to tear it apart with my own two hands if I could. I would like to dismantle the universe star by star, like a tree-ful of rotten fruit. Nor do I believe in progress. A vermin-eaten saint scratching his filth in the hope of heaven is better off than you damned in clean linen." And yet he finds some resource to go on, not consolation, but compassion: "the recognition of how long, how long is the mourners' bench upon which we sit, arms linked in undeluded friendship, all of us, brief links, ourselves, in the eternal pity." I just don't know. Perhaps it is a great book without being a good one.

REVIEWERS

Wallace Fowlie is a member of the faculty at Bennington College, Vermont.

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William James Smith is one of the editors of *Atomic Industrial Forum* and a frequent contributor to The Commonweal.

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ART

Dubuffet's Strategy

SPOKEN OF freely as the most original artist to emerge in France since World War II, Jean Dubuffet, in the recent retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (later to be seen in Chicago and Los Angeles) reveals his originality as being not so much a technique as a quasi-humorous strategy. In fact, this originality is not unlike that of an *enfant terrible*—an *enfant terrible* with real talent. It is gratifying to observe that the talent usually has the upper hand.

Dubuffet's declaration that "my art is an attempt to bring disparaged values into the limelight" is quoted by Peter Selz (director of the exhibit and author of the soon-to-be published book, *The Work of Jean Du-Buffet*) as "the key to the interpretation of all his work." It seems to me that another of Dubuffet's declarations is altogether more elucidating, since this one might lead you to suppose that he was dedicated to a sort of rehabilitation program, and leave you unsupported before *View of Paris—The Life of Pleasure* (1944) or what amounts to another view of the same called *Business Prospers* (1961). If the values previously disparaged in views of Paris are its compartmentalized aspects, etc., this would still not illuminate the artist's inspiration as much as his statement that he consistently employs a "weird logic" (whether of materials, tools or a "notion") to direct his painting of the world of objects so that they appear in "an entirely new and unexpected light, so that one sees it with new eyes."

Weird, unexpected and new—these words set his course. This last statement substantiates certain works such as his "table" series where the former one could only very weakly operate; the values of tables have been so much in the limelight (in still-lifes without number, for instance) that their choice as a subject can better be understood in the desire that we see them with new eyes, in a weird and unexpected light. Incidentally, the tables are

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among Dubuffet's failures in my opinion, as are most of his "mineral" series: *The Internal Life of Minerals,* made out of metalfoil on composition board is one of the instances where fascination with the "weird logic of the material" does not in the least lead to seeing the subject with new eyes. One seems to be seeing metalfoil, not the internal life of minerals, with one's same old eyes.

Dubuffet's penchant for bringing disparaged values into the limelight is itself motivated by his desire for us to see with new eyes. The anti-aesthetic philosophy which he has expressed as nimbly in prose as in his painting, his espousal of "art in the raw" of children, primitives and lunatics—all these attitudes are predicated on his desire for us to see with new eyes. In a way this is the desire of all artists, but Dubuffet has it to the exaggerated degree of the *enfant terrible* who uses shock tactics, usually spiked with humor.

In the Corps de Dame series Dubuffet seems to reach the height of his shock tactics; in them he appears to be celebrating the circulatory or visceral organization of the body, subjected to that ambiguity of scale and orientation that he so skillfully employs to sum up his compositions and often make them powerfully expressive. Since 1942 (when he first really became a painter, at the age of 41) he has continually shifted his tactics—but surprise is always the keynote. In this attitude he is of course closely related to the Dadaists, whose preoccupation with materials he shares as well, and to the Surrealists with whom he shares the use of motifs from the subconscious.

In the end Dubuffet's real stature consists in that marvelous sleight-of-hand—the weird logic—with which he brings off so many of these performances. In front of one of his assemblages of butterfly wings I overheard someone remark: "Old ladies' work!" However, those Personages are the work of an artist and have a vibrant coherence. It is true enough that his *enfant terrible* sort of originality is often in the ascendant, and it is usually what makes him considered "an original"; but he does have the first-rate artist's original way of seeing and putting things—and this less obvious characteristic rests on the weird logic with which he creates a forceful expressive whole out of his rather naive line, judicious color, fascinating made-up textures and eccentric materials. Even when he didactically and sometimes humorously chooses disparaged values (for shock, or to really guarantee a new look) his talent usually takes over and creates a bona fide work of art.

In a recent lecture on "Ugliness in Art" Sir Herbert Read spoke of the modern predilection for power of expression rather than beauty of expression. In this context one would say Dubuffet opts for power—a power modified by the reckless humor of the show-off.

BETTY KAUFMAN

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